CARMEL CYMBAL

VOLUME IV, NUMBER 1 WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1927 FIVE CENTS. $2 THE YEAR

Pirates Win Cup in Abalone League

Pirates 11 . . . Giants 2
Giants 10 . . . Pirates 4
Pirates 9 . . . Giants 6

THE Skull and Crossbones is floating high above Abalone Park, for on Monday the Pirates annexed the Abalone Cup, after one of the most exciting and even matches ever fought in the history of the league. The Pirates won in the American league, and the Giants in the National, so the winner of the cup was to take two games out of three.

The game on Sunday, in spite of the score, was an exciting one, and there were lots of good individual plays. Byron Pryor and Hal Root were the Pirate batteries, and Freddy Ammerman and Jimmy Doud worked for the Giants. By Ford was the base umpire and "Red" Koon called the strikes and balls. The hard hitting Giants didn't score the first inning but the Pirates started in when King hit, Johns followed suit and Vic Renslow, who played first base for the Pirates, got a three bagger. Waldo Hicks hit and stole third, and Jessie Leslie got a safe hit, and stole second. Then, as Mildred Farrel came to bat, Jessie stole third, and came home on a wild throw. Mildred hit and stole second, D'Amoral hit, and King came to bat for the second time and hit again, so did Johns, and Vic Renslow hit out to center field. Then the scorer marked 8 runs.

There was no more scoring until the fourth when King got to second on an overthrow, and Byron Pryor's hit brought him home.

Woody Rowntree was in excellent form and said at this stage, "Well, here they have only made nine runs in four whole innings, how much do we get paid for taking a beating like this?" Then he watched Vic Renslow make a leap in the air and spear what looked like a sure catch. "Gee Vic, you must have Kangaroo blood, no human being could have caught that one."

The seventh opened with Freddy Ammerman coming to bat. We all know Ammerman's "Lucky seventh" so he got a great cheer as he hit, stole second, made a pretty slide to third, and came home on Jakey's hit. Iola Nichols made a lovely stop back of second and saved some runs, and in the eighth inning hit over third, but did not score. In the last half of the eighth Frenchy Murphy took a spill on the slope in left field that gave the spectators heart failure, but he knew how to fall, and only has a stiff neck today. The

(Turn to Page Three)

City Trustees Would Rule All Dogs Off Streets; Cymbal Wins City Printing; San Carlos and Santa Lucia To Be Concrete

IF City Trustee George Wood has his way and the vote of the trustees last night indicates that he will, there will be an ordinance on the statute books of Carmel banning all dogs, licensed or not licensed from the streets of the city. Over the adverse vote of Trustee Fenton Foster, and on the motion of Trustee Wood, the board voted to instruct the city attorney to draw up an ordinance providing for the impounding of any dog on the streets unless held by a leash. It required considerable time to settle the dogs and then the trustees took up several important matters not the least of which were the passage of a resolution giving the city printing and advertising to The Carmel Cymbal, the decision to pave San Carlos street from city limits to city limits and Santa Lucia from San Carlos to the city limits on the west, and instruction to the city engineer to provide the city with a complete plan for drainage.

The insistence of Trustee Wood that no dogs be allowed to run loose on the streets, license or no license, brought a protest from Trustee Foster who declared that there had never beeen a serious case of a person bitten by a dog in Carmel. "I'm for the dog," declared Foster, "and I consider this motion ridiculous. You will have to pass a law now against cats and horses and cottontails and quail." But the other members of the board agreed with Trustee Wood and it was voted to have the no-dog ordinance drawn up.

When it came to opening the bids for city printing the only bid submitted was that of The Cymbal. An opinion was read from City Attorney Argyll Campbell to the effect that the law was clear in requiring any newspaper eligible to do the city printing to be printed as well as published in the city. When the resolution was drawn making The Cymbal the official newspaper of Carmel, Trustee Lauorette moved its passage and his motion was seconded by Trustee Foster. There was a bit of humor injected into the proceedings when as Mayor Jordan was about to sign the resolution he asked the publisher of The Cymbal: "You would consider this important business, wouldn't you?" The Cymbal editor answered that he would and requested Major Jordan to sign his name clearly on the document. When the mayor had signed, Trustee Foster asked The Cymbal publisher if he would like the pen as a souvenir.

The decision to pave San Carlos street

Max Panataleieff To Sing Here July 17

THIS is the interesting program Max Panteleieff has decided upon for his concert on July 17 at the Theatre of The Golden Bough. The people on the Peninsula are looking forward to hearing Mr. Panteleieff of whose voice some of the Eastern critics have written:

New York World—Max Panteleieff has an excellent baritone voice which he uses effectively and discreetly.

Philadelphia Evening Bulletin—Max Panteleieff is an artist of great value, of great distinction, a fine actor, a splendid singer.

Boston American—Max Panteleieff has a voice that is dependable throughout it's entire range, and which showed some tones that were unusually lovely.

Buffalo Evening News—Max Panteleieff is surely one of the company's greatest treasures. His singing was ever a keen delight and an inspiration.

Toronto Globe—Panteleieff's "Boris" was a magnificent offering. His rich voice took a tone that painted vividly the moodiness of the self tortured Czar. His death scene was a revelation of vocal realism only possible to a great artist.

Montreal Star—One could not be other than impressed with the superb acting of the principal throughout. It did not require a Chaliapin to carry the role of "Boris" throughout successfully, for Max Panteleieff took the part in a manner inspiring profound admiration.

Program

Aria from "Aleko".....Rachmaninoff
Berceuse ..... Arensky
Aria from "Le Prophet".....
..... Runsky-Karsakov

Max Panteleieff

II

Aria from "Don Carlos"

(Turn to Page Three)

and Santa Lucia came on the recommendation of the street committee, reported by Trustee Wood. He declared that although it was not time to start proceedings for the proposed pavement, he thought the board should go on record favoring it, and this was voted. Trustee Wood said that although a part of Santa Lucia is not in the city limits under a state law the city could have it complete. Also others than property owners in the city can be included in the assement district for the work, and he said that the residents of the Point and the owners of the unimproved property to the south of Santa Lucia would be included.

Why the proposed Santa Lucia pavement is to be run only from the western city limits to San Carlos and not include the block between San Carlos and the county road was asked by Trustee Foster and Trustee Wood explained in a whisper. Trustee Foster seemed satisfied, but those in the lobby were not let in on the secret.

The storm water drainage problem is to be solved by a comprehensive plan prepared by the city engineer, H. D. Severance, at a cost of $150, according to a report made by Trustee Wood and the trustees voted to instruct the city engineer to draw such a plan. It was explained that the plan will not go into all details as regards grades and lines all over the city, but would be a plan under which the drainage situation could be handled when the city is ready.

Following the denial by the superior court in Salinas of Mrs. Lotta Shipley's plea for an injunction against the city in the matter of the construction of the Harrison Memorial Library, the board last night adopted a resolution turning over to the board, as a board of library trustees, all bids (there is only one—that of M. J. Murphy) on the library job. It is expected that the board will accept this bid at the next meeting.

On Trustee Foster's recommendation the board voted to have the fire marshal decide on the location of a fire hydrant in the vicinity of First avenue and Carpenter street.

E. A. Littlefield was appointed deputy fire marshal.

A large bush at Seventh avenue and San Antonio street, considered a menace to traffic, was ordered removed.

On the complaint of W. E. Campbell, owner of Campbell's Cash grocery on Dolores street that he had been deprived of a means of having his garbage removed from the rear of his store because of the closing of the private alleyway, the board decided to take up with the Carmel Development Company, owner of the Postoffice building, the matter of making a permanent opening behind the building.

The city clerk reported a balance of $19,370.40 in the city treasury. The receipts for last month were $581.61 and the disbursements, $2,505.39.

The city recorder reported $87.50 collected in fines during the month of June.

Chief of Police August Englund reported seven arrests during the month.

Fire Marshal Robert Leidig reported fire damage for the month of $875, all covered by insurance.

CARMEL AUTHORS IN THIS MONTH'S PUBLICATIONS

Liberty, June 25, "The Missing Stroke", by James Hopper.

New Republic, "Unfused Allegory," by Lawrence S. Morris.

American Mercury, "A Town is Built." by Idwal Jones.

Good Housekeeping, July, "Find Your Enemy", Anne Shannon Monroe.

"The Girls Who Ran Away" by Vera Connolly.

BURNED BY FIREWORKS

Jakey May and Martel Stoney were the victims of a peculiar accident on Monday night, when a fuse in one of the fireworks they were setting off burned both of their hands and wrists. The burns are very painful, and required medical attendance.

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TILLY POLAK'S
ANTIQUES and OBJETS D'ARTS
CARMEL

Pirates Victors

(Continued from Page One)

Pirates scored two more in this inning when D'Amoral, King, and Johns were on bases and Vic Renslow hit over second. The Giants could not score in their half and the final tally was 11 to 2.

The Giants were not going to let this sort of thing continue, so protested Renslow playing first for the Pirates, and Chet Hare of the Eskimos took his place. With two out in the first inning Chet Hare hit, stole second and third, and Byron Pryor brought him home when he got a two bagger. The Giants started in well, and kept it up. They made three runs when Doud hit, Conlon walked, and Frenchy Murphy hit and stole second, made a comedy run to third, and came home cartwheeling on an overthrow.

Freddy Ammerman, Jakey May and Frenchy Murphy kept on getting two baggers, Les LeCron astonished the gasping world with a three bagger, and just kept on scoring. In the sixth Lew Johns made a splendid one hand catch and double out unassisted that drew a cheer from the gallery. The Pirates scored two more runs in the eighth when Johns, and Chet hit and were brought home by Byron Pryor's two bagger.

It was very much the Giants game, with the score 10 to 4.

Then the teams got down to real business, and played one of the finest games ever seen at Abalone Park. Right up till the last minute the game was anyone's, and it was one of the finest Garrison finishes on record. Freddy Ammerman pitched a wonderful game, and hit consistently, and so did Byron Pryor. In the last half of the first the Giants scored two runs when Jimmy Doud hit, Conlon walked and Jakey May got a two bagger.

There was no more scoring until the fourth, when Waldo Hicks hit, and stole second, and Root brought him home. In passing I might state that Root played a fine game, caught well, and hit also, and all this with a sore hand, his thumb having been put out twice during the game. The Giants got another in this inning, when Frenchy walked and Iola Nichols sacrificed and brought him home. In the fifth there was no scoring, but in the sixth the fun began that lasted until the last ball pitched. Chet Hare hit, Byron got his well known and expected two bagger, Waldo hit and stole second, and Root came to bat and in the psychological moment got a three bagger. Jack Eaton also hit and three runs came in.

The Giants didn't like this one bit, so they got three for themselves in their half of the sixth. Fred Ammerman, one of the most dependable players in the league was at bat, and he hit. So did Jakey, Paul Whitman hit also, and as the out, the gallery became delirious as Jakey got to first. With Marcelle at bat, Les was put out between second and third. Remember that, for a lot of the Giants didn't.

The seventh inning, score 6 to 4, and the gallery beseeching them to do something, up came the Pirate heavy hitters. D'Amoral walked, King got a two bagger Lew Johns got a two bagger and the spectators went wild. Byron Pryor came up, and remembering exactly what he had been told before the game, he hit over second. Waldo Hicks got to first, Root sacrificed and Jack Eaton walked and stole second. But five runs had come in, and the score now was nine to six, with the Pirates holding the big end.

The Giants came to bat, Woody Rowntree trying to cheat Marcelle out of a hit by insisting that she was the last out in the sixth inning, but he was over ruled. To not hurt his feelings Byron walked him. When Jimmy Doud singled and Woody got to third. Conlon and Ammerman walked. With the bases full, and two out, the galery became delirious as Jakey May, Captain of the Giants, and one of the best hitters in the league came to bat. But Byron Pryor, captain of the Pirates, and no slouch at baseball, saw his duty and did it noble, May got a scratch hit, the ball bounced to Lew Johns who retreived it and touched second, for the third out. Jessie Leslie and Byron Pryor were carried shoulder high off the field, and well they deserved it. To the Pirates, our heartiest congratulations . . . . and the Abalone Cup.

The ten captains played the All Stars in the first game on Sunday, and except for the fatal fourth inning it was a good game. That inning was alright from a spectacular point of view, but was a trifle hard on the All Star pitcher when his whole infield blew on him, and he became a trifle wild himself.

Mike Uzzell and Byron Pryor were the batteries for the Captains, and Vic Renslow and Tom Douglass performed for the All Stars. Much of the credit for the Captains victory is due to the splendid game Uzzell pitched. He was steady and in the fourth inning helped win his own game by hitting with men on bases, stealing second and coming home.

The game started brilliantly when both teams chalked up two runs apiece for the first inning. Vic Renslow, Tom Douglass and Nino Rico hit, and with two out for the Captains, By Ford hit safely and stole second. Pryor hit a two bagger in spite of Rico's fine try to stop the ball, and Mike Uzzell also hit, but was forced out at second.

Then the All Stars were put out one, two, three, and Frank Murphy and Jakey May come home for the Captains. In the first of the fourth with two out King hit, and Koon did the same. Herzog got almost a home run, brought home the other two and tied the score.

The success of the outfield went immediately to the heads of the infield. It was a slaughter. They dropped the ball, it rolled gaily between their feet, they did catch it and then dropped it, and the Captains scored six runs. In the next the All Stars, with Vic in the field, and Don Hale pitching scored two more when Renslow hit a two bagger, Douglass and Rico hit, and Jimmy Wilson hit another two bagger. Renslow ran into the ball and was out. The Captains came right back at them, but the splendid fielding of Rico and Renslow, who ran in from the field and made a one handed catch of what looked like a sure hit, held them to one run. In the seventh the All Stars scored one more on Jimmy Wilson's two bagger that brought Rico home.

In the first of the ninth it looked like a rally for the All Stars, but they couldn't quite make it. Tom Douglass hit and later stole third. Rico hit, and Jimmy Wilson beat a slowly rolling ball to first and stole second. Tal Josselyn went in as a pinch hitter and sacrificed, Darling hit and Johns also sacrificed, and Frenchy Murphy hit a peach of a three bagger, but Jakey May stopped the fun. The final score was 13 to 11.

—HILDA

Pantaleieff Program

Consuelo Cloos

III

L'heure Exquise ..... Schlesinger
Deep River ..... Burleigh
Melisande ..... Goetz
In Questa Tomba Oscura ..... Beethoven

Max Panteleieff

IV

Steepe ..... Gretchaninow
Berceuse ..... Roger
Hai Lu li ..... Coquard

Consuelo Cloos

V

Benediction ..... Tchaikowsky
Serenade ..... Moussorgsky
Aria, Prince Galitsky from "Prince Igor". ..... Bowdin

Max Panteleieff

MAX PANTELEIEFF *Vocal*

GREEN STUDIO
Lincoln and Thirteenth Ave
Hours:—4 to 7 P. M.

CARMEL CYMBAL

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PERSONAL MENTION

FREDERICK Godwin came up from Hollywood, and spent the holiday with his mother, Mrs. Helen Mueth.

* * *

Tirey Ford was down from San Francisco over the holiday.

* * *

Samuel Blythe has returned to Pebble Beach from a short trip to the East.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Short and their small daughter are down from San Francisco for several days.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Clift Lunborg are at the Lundborg home at Pebble Beach over the Fourth, and Miss Helene Lundborg is entertaining a group of young people for the week end.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Marshal Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Whiting and Miss Barbara Sesnon of San Francisco spent the week end on the Peninsula.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Ward, of Los Angeles, who own a place at Pebble Beach, spent the week end at Del Monte.

* * *

Miss Josephine Grant came down from San Francisco for the holiday.

* * *

Miss Anita Reiners of Fresno spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis. Mrs. Reiners, and the Misses Anita and Francis will spend the month of August in town.

* * *

A group of the younger set came down from San Francisco and took a cottage in town over the holiday. The group includes Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Olds, Miss Phyllis Fay, Miss Jean McLaughlin, Jefferson Doolittle and Arthur Stevenson.

Mrs. George S. Terry is recuperating from her recent illness at Paraiso Springs.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent are in Paris for several weeks, before going on to London.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ball of Stockton and Mrs. George Ball were in town for the production of "If I Were King."

* * *

Mrs. Bonfils (Annie Laurie) spent the holiday week-end at her home on Carmel Point. She entertained a group of friends from San Francisco.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kennedy came down from San Francisco for the week-end.

* * *

Miss Dot Morris was the week-end guest of her aunt, Mrs. George Boke.

* * *

Mrs. Helene Irwin Crocker spent the week-end at Pebble Beach Lodge, her beautiful Italian villa will not be completed for some months. Others from San Francisco who spent the holiday at the Lodge were Dr. and Mrs. Walter Sheldon, Dr. and Mrs. Carol McKenney, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, and the Messrs. M. W. and William Tichenor.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ray O. Diether are spending their honeymoon in Carmel. They were married in Berkeley last week. The bride is a graduate of Stanford University, and the groom of California. Mr. Diether has been vice-president of the Oakland Technical High School for four years. Following their honeymoon the couple will return to Oakland where they will live in the Mountclair district.

* * *

Miss Gladys Wickson came down from Berkeley and spent the holiday with Miss Ellen O'Sullivan.

* * * *

Mrs. C. Sumner Greene entertained last Wednesday afternoon at a large tea in the attractive Greene studio, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Max Panteleieff. During the afternoon Miss Anne Greene, who

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Back in Trade

is a gifted musician played several piano solos, a group of short pieces of her own composition were especially interesting. pupil of Mr. Pantaleieff, sang twice, and Chester Adams, of MrGill University, a Max Panteleieff recited in Russian, with powerful dramatic effect. About fifty guests enjoyed Mrs. Greene's hospitality.

* * *

Mrs. Percy Bennett Wright and children returned last Thursday from an extended trip to Oak Park, Illinois, where Mrs. Wright has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Charles Seabury.

* * * *

The second barn dance in the loft of the San Carlos stables proved a real success, there was a large attendance, and the music was furnished by a Spanish orchestra of guitars and accordians.

* * *

Aennchen von Gaal, who played Aunt Agatha in the Golden Bough production of "Captain Applejack" returned yesterday to Los Gatos.

* * *

Anne Martin, Anita Whitney and Dr. Margaret Long of Denver left Monday for a camping trip down in the Big Sur country. They will return the latter part of the week.

* * *

Miss Cornelia De Haaff and Miss Betty Bougher are in town. Miss De Haaff took part in Hamlet last year at the Forest Theater and has a house in Carmel on Mountain View avenue.

* * *

Mrs. Mabel Gray Young entertained a number of guests over the holiday. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Lee Gray, Miss Drusilla Maltby, Rudolph Von H. Vernehr, and Rudolph Von H. Vernehr, Jr.

* * *

Peter Friedrichsen who designed the settings and costumes for Captain Applejack is leaving on Friday for Yosemite Valley for a short vacation. He will be associated with the Misses Denny and Watrous next season at the Theatre of The Golden Bough.

* * *

Mrs. James L. Crittenden has returned to her home in Oakland after a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Crittenden in their Camel home.

* * *

Lois Foster, who designed and executed the costumes and assisted Peter Friedrichsen with the settings of "Captain Applejack" returns to her home in Berkeley today. She is associated with Mrs. Cuddy in the San Francisco Children's Theater, and has also appeared in a number of roles in the productions of the San Francisco Players Guild.

* * *

The Carmel Library will be open in the mornings from 10 to 12, as well as the regular afternoon hours of 2 to 5.

* * *

Mrs. Taylor McDougall with her daughter, Miss Margaret and Miss Jean, of Santa Barbara are occupying the cottage of Mrs. Acton Hall at Ocean avenue and Carmelo until the first of August.

* * *

Mrs Charlotte E. Morgan, of Carmel and Mrs. L. J. Culver, of Palo Alto are starting on a trip to Europe and will journey through France, Italy, and England.

AT THE MANZANITA

Attractions at the Manzanita Theater for the coming week are as follows: Tonight, "White Gold", with Jetta Goudal, Thursday and Friday, "The Unknown Cavalier" with Ken Maynard: Saturday, "Tarzan and the Golden Lion"; Sunday "Cabaret" with Gilda Grey; Monday and Tuesday, "Senorita" with Bebe Daniels.

CLAY OTTO JOINS FACULTY OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

The Arts and Crafts has announced that it has added to it's staff Clay Otto who will conduct classes in color harmony and it's practical application. The classes will be held Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon. There will be two sections, the first will be the preliminary on pure theory and will begin at 2:30 and the time will be spent in practical application.

PEACE AND FREEDOM LEAGUE WILL MEET NEXT SUNDAY

The Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom will hold a meeting at Unity Hall, on Sunday July 10 at 8 o'clock.

Captain Friedrich Krejick of Vienna will speak on "Peace versus War".

Friedrich Krejick was forty-two months in the front lines during the last war and has since done reconstruction work, and will speak from bitter personal experience on the necessity for World Peace.

LOST—Eastman moving picture camera, in case. REWARD. Telephone, Carmel 318.

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ARGO-NOUGHTS

CARMELITES love the holiday crowd so much. Those of us who had to be in town on Monday saw some queer sights. The prize, by an almost unanimous vote was voted to the "lady" hiker, who wore a thin mull shirt, linen knikers and sleeveless coat, and turned down her stockings around her boot tops. She wore a large farmer hat drooping over her eyes and asked for . . no, your wrong . . "An artist's house."

The second prize should go to the bathing girls in patent leather pumps and coolie beach coats, but I rather liked the visitor who wore her white hair a la Marquise, grey knickers with a funny little short coat to match, high heeled pumps and took out a pair of lorgnettes to look at the contents of the shop windows. But at that, they will all go away and say how funny we looked.

• • • •

JOHN Ward told us he had a bad time this last week end when he decided he would be economical and rent his house. The first would-be renters came, saw, and departed. This was why. They were two women and a man. Going down stairs John said hospitably "Be careful of that trap door, hold it up." "What is the matter?" asked the man. "Well, when Billy Hudson went fishing he took the ropes with him, and we have to hold it up."

The explanation sounded all right, but the man was so interested in it he forgot and dropped the trap door on the woman's head. She slid right to the bottom of the stairs and from there went right out and back to the hotel. The next renters were quite amazed at the polite way John insisted on handling the trap door himself, but alas, when they entered the bedroom, one of the water dog lizards had crawled in from the garden and was lying in the wash basin. When John saw it he said, "Here Sarah, move outside", and explained that it was his pet lizard, but that story didn't work, and the renters moved on.

When John got this far with his story he looked up and said, "Well, it's probably just as well I didn't rent the place anyway, for the bed is broken."

"Nonsense" said Steve, "Rent it to some one with insomnia." When the laughter died down he continued. . ."On second thought, remembering the lizard, you had better rent it to a naturalist with insomnia.

• • •

DID you see Steve Glassell up on the stage of the Forest Theater in the production of "If I Were King"? He played an apache, a soldier and when he would put on parts of three different costumes he played anything you wanted to call him. About the only thing he didn't do in the first act was to recite "If Villon Were the King of France." I don't think that he put the castor oil in the cups all the ertra ertras drank out of on Monday night, but the only reason we didn't suspect him was that he got a large mouthful himself. Then it was that he said he must be a gentleman at the court of Louis Goldstein.

I wanted two pages to tell you all some of his yarns brought home from the "continong", but W. K. said to try and get them I did try, and I didn't get them. I also wanted to write an open letter to Woody Rowntree telling him just why I didn't let the Pirates wipe up the park with him when he swore at me last Monday, but I am afriad he must remain in the dark about my charitable motive. But to get back to Steve.

When he was in La Union, Salvidor, he was the guest of the father of the night-

SALLY'S

LUNCHEON AFTERNOON TEA
CATERING

DOLORES STREET, OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

Sally's is Carmel

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—Navaho Song

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STILL FARTHER
AND NOT EXCEED IT.

watchman on his boat. This man owned nearly everything in town, including the best hotel and the plaza. This evening he was telling us about, he became strangely bored and gathering up the nightwatchman, went forth for broader fields to conquer. Steve modestly admits that he was a fine figure in his white linen suit and pitch helmet, and his Spanish had returned to him in all it's pristine splendor. So he was not surprised when as he was walking along a street and paused in front of a house, where several people were playing cards at little tables out on the sidewalk, to have a very pretty girl step up to him and smile. Steve smiled gallantly in return, and told her he just came to look.

"Oh, you want to look, well come and look." Grasping the nightwatchman by the arm, Steve followed the girl into a room in the house, where there were many flowers and wreaths, and on a bed in the corner an old man was lying who didn't look very lively. Peering closer, Steve saw he was dead, and crossing himself in his best Latin manner, our hero knew what he had been brought in to look at. Appreciating their interest in her dead father, the girl then led them to a table, where they regaled themselves on tamales, tortillas, and other Spanish dishes beginning with a t, and later, after another look at the central figure in the wake, played a few games of cards, and solemnly departed from the place.

* * * *

AT another port in Salvador our hero took an American ashore to get his hair cut, and of course he had to interpret for him. The barber shop looked very odd, but it was just that all three barbers were asleep on the floor. Steve woke one up, and watched him work, and as it was 109 degrees and no shade, ordered a bottle of beer for the victim of the sleepy barber, and a cooling drink for himself, made out of, as nearly as he can recollect, a pineapple, a bit of ice and three dead flies. When the drinks had been sufficiently investigated, Steve, once more in his best Latin manner, inquired "How much?" "Sixty dollars," replied the barber. Recovering their breath, the two talked loud and long and finally discovered that the rate of exchange made one American dollar worth sixty, so the price was really one dollar. Then Steve went to pay for his drink. He gave the man a five dollar bill, and received in exchange one of the smallest silver coins that he had ever seen. As he had been told his drink cost twodollars he couldn't understand it, so said:

"Here, youv'e done me down."

With much shrugging and gesticulating the man protested.

"It is the exchange. I have given you five cents, and it is equivalent to three dollars."

Steve is still working that one out.

—HILDA

THIEVES STEAL ART FROM LOBBY OF GOLDEN BOUGH

Two of the most deightful and valuable portrait studies in the exhibit of Mary Young-Hunter, which were on display last week in the foyer ofthe Theatre of The Golden Bough, were stolen sometime Friday or Saturday. They were valued at $250 and $350 each. So far Chief of Police Englund has been unable to find a clew to the thief or thieves.

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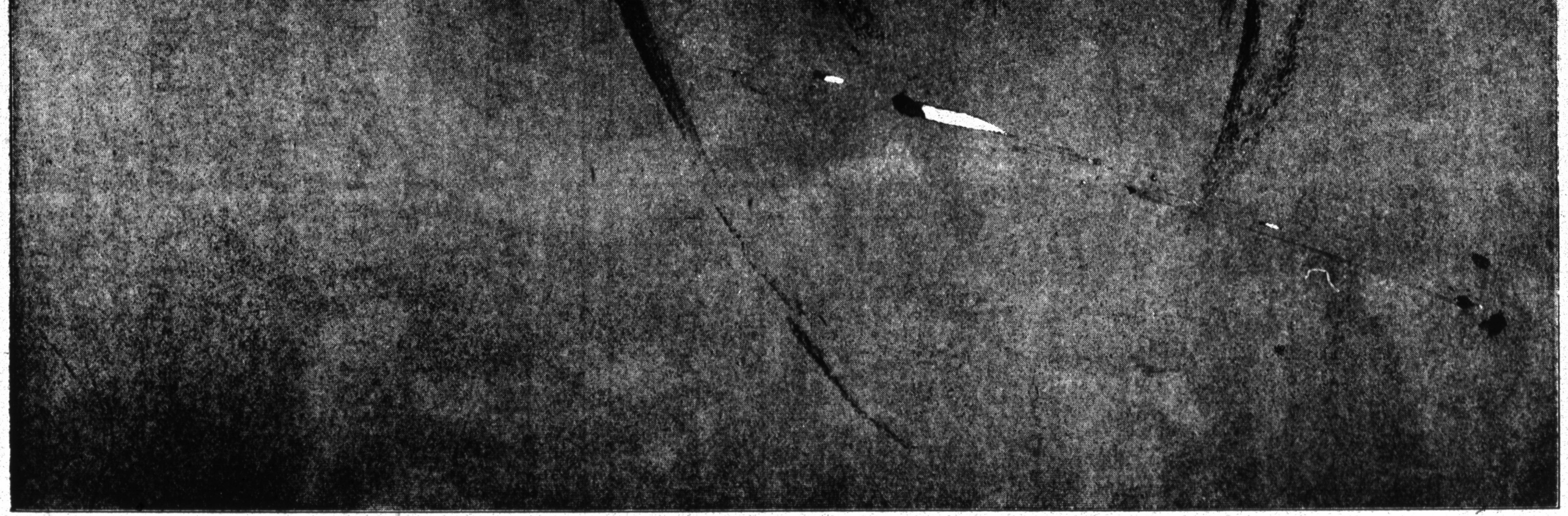

A Charcoal Drawing from Life by Robert Hestwood

GLADYS VANDER ROEST

who starred with George Ball and Herbert Heron in a beautiful production of "If I Were King", the first play of the Eighteenth Summer Festival of the Forest Theater, July 2, 3 and 4.

"If I Were King" Fine Production

IT could easily be termed a magnificent production without undue strain on the word. I saw "If I Were King" Sunday night and I left the Forest Theater thoroughly convinced that I had seen an unusually smooth performance by semi-amateurs of a difficult play. Certainly The Carmel Players have no apologies to offer the directors of the Forest Theater for their production of the first play of the Eighteenth Summer Festival. It was extremely well done, extremely enjoyable, extremely beautiful.

If I am to write from the standpoint of one who is cognizant of the hammer and nails part of the thing, the back-stage travails, the soil and perspiration in the toil and preparation (apologies) I can have nothing but the highest acclaim for what was presented Saturday, Sunday and Monday evenings in the Forest Theater. But as a "dramatic critic" I can't do that. I can't help George Ball with the excuse that he had 750 lines to learn besides directing the production; nor any of the others with the explanation that they had numerous rehearsals to attend and hundreds of lines to learn along with their ordinary "round of irritating concerns and duties" in the run of their daily lives. I must write the thing as I saw it from the first row and as a human being on whose reactions there could be no playing but that on the stage before him, unembellished, unadulterated by memory of the trials that had gone before.

This then is my verdict: Bert Heron took first honors in the acting, Gladys Vander Roest the next; George Ball the next; the music was good, and the entire atmosphere of the thing, made possible by the natural beauty of the theater was sublime.

Nothing could have been added to Bert Heron's interpretation of the role of King Louis XI. His acting was flawless and there was never a time that he released you from the conviction that you were watching and hearing a mean, ignorant, cruel and unscrupulous monarch playing as with chessmen with the lives and happiness of the people in his power. His

entire bearing, mannerisms, tone of voice and general appearance were as near perfection as it is possible for one to reach in a character part on the stage. And Bert played the part with intelligence and acumen—as he does usually in his contribution to the joy of dramatics in Carmel.

Nothing more beautiful in humankind has appeared on the stage in Carmel for as long as I can remember than Gladys Vander Roest as Katherine in "If I Were King". Miss Vander Roest adds to her physical charm a talent that has made itself manifest on many occasions on the stage in Carmel to the delight of many audiences. And for me there is such a charm in her voice and the way she speaks the English language. It is not often that we hear it spoken as the queen would have it, and when it comes to us from as beautiful a figure as Gladys was in this play there is an added thrill that is indescribable. As Katherine she was the pride she claimed, the beauty that others claimed for her and she augmented these with intelligent acting and a rare grace of bearing.

George Ball carried the role of Francois admirably, and if there is any adverse criticism of his part in the play it was that he was not quite quick and snappy enough. He bent to the tragedy of the situation a trifle more than one could warrant and we missed at times a higher light on the rollicking nature of the character he portrayed. But he was extremely graceful and he read his lines clearly and with good stress. It was a part that fitted him well. Beside the great contribution he made to the success of the play with his important part in the cast, there is nothing too much can be said for his direction of of the production.

Constance Heron was a handsome lady of the nether-lands. Her fine figure and careless bearing carried her well and she handled her important scenes with much credit. I feel that her death scene was a bit "down", but it is perhaps because it was certainly set too far "up" stage for good projection..

The principals had a good supporting cast, with few ragged places in the whole.

To the unusually good acting of the cast must be added the excellent stage-settings for which Homer Emens, Rhoda and Dick Johnson are responsible, and the very good music under the direction of Fenton Foster, for the credit of a production that will go down in good gold letters on the handsome record of the Forest Theater.

And then there were the night and the moon and the trees.

• • •

"Captain Applejack"

EDWARD Kuster's offering at the Theatre of The Golden Bough, before his two years retirement from the management and direction of the theater, was " Captain Applejack", played for three nights and a matinee over the holiday week-end. He had three good audiences and one poor one, but with a four day stand the record was exceptionally good.

The play was not so good. I am not at all thrilled by the sort of play "Captain Applejack" is and I could have wished Kuster had selected some other vehicle for his farewell. The acting of the play is another thing again and although there were ragged places in the production it was in the main most creditable. The palm goes to Tommi Thomson who once again showed her mastery of her part. She was completely convincing in the role of fake countess and as true when she dropped the mask was became an ordinary adventurous and worse.

In the lead Kuster did well on Monday afternoon. I have been told that he forgot his various accents on the previous presentations of the play and mixed a little German and Italian with his supposedly proper English and his later swashbuckling vernacular. But I thought that on Monday afternoon he was a decidely acceptable English gentleman of the blood in the first and third acts and that in the second when he assumes the role and power of a pirate chief that he swaggered and blustered extremely well.

Gabrielle Newby as "Poppy", his ward, was especially well cast and handled her part with ease and conviction. She is extremely pretty and both as a proper young English girl and as a dream-provoked cabin boy she made a bright light on the stage whenever she appeared.

I was particularly impressed with the acting of Aennchen von Gall, aunt of Ambrose Applejohn. Miss von Gall showed much talent as a character actress and nothing could have been wanted in her interpretation of her part.

Tom Bickle's English butler was a perfect piece of work—Tom certainly can buttle.

The supporting cast was well chosen.

—W. K. B.

CARMEL FIGURES IN RIDING EXHIBITION

Carmel was well represented in the Independence Day riding exhibition held on Monday at the Monterey High School. Lynn Hodges won the running and turning competition. Jane Hopper, won the pony race, and Jean Dresser was judged the best girl rider.

Mrs. Ethel P. Young's beautiful Palomino horse, was ridden by A. Gonzales, and he won the hand carved belt offered for the best outfit.

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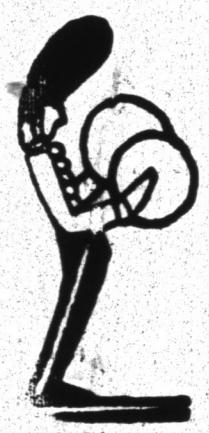
Notes and Comment



TA SUNKA WETKA! "Envy of the great" is a weakness from which The Cymbal has prayed its green and gold gods it might be free, but there are tides in the affairs of men that swing us whither we would not trek. Just now we have much jealousy of one W. C. Farley, who conducts the Carmel Cleaning works, and has recently completed a very fine building on Dolores street in which to house it. And, yesterday, in a heavy timber over the doorway to his shop, he caused to have cut deeply and well the three words:"Ta Sunka Wetka."

We would have given anything to have thought of that; to have had the vision to have raised those three ringing words above the door of The Cymbal office. Magnificient! Unbelievable eloquent! Ineffably forceful!

The editor of The Cymbal and Enrie Schweninger lost fifteen minutes of valuable and irretrievable time gaping in front of that sign yesterday while it was in the cutting. Late we sought the companionship of others in our ecstacy and gaped longer and ardently. We have sent dozens, scores, almost hundreds, to the spot to gape and marvel.

* * *

A GENTLEMAN who said his name was McPhillips, or O'Phillips, or something, stalked into The Cymbal office last week and delivered the startling announcement that he is about to sue us for damages. He said he had bought the Carpenter street property and paid for it and had erected the shacks against which we protested editorially last week. When we told him that suing us for damages was a privilege granted him by the law and we were helpless to prevent his taking advantage of it, he looked us in the eye and said with what was apparently intended should be some subtle significance: "Anyway, I don't run a bootlegging joint." We probably showed a density of understanding in our reaction to this, and he repeated it, more forcefully and with more apparent significance: "Anyway, I don't run a bootlegging joint." We are setting this down because we assume that Mr. McPhillips, or O'Phillips, wants the world to know that he doesn't run a bootlegging joint. We don't know why he doesn't, or shouldn't, or wouldn't, except perhaps that there is a law against it, but anyway, he doesn't. And that's that.

* * *

THE city trustees of Carmel who have, in their various and sundry past personnels, sadly messed up the Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library matter, seem to have won the first skirmish in their insistence to erect with Mrs. Ella Reid Harrison's money a building quite distant in design, construction and general character from what she desired in her bequest of funds for the purpose. At Salinas last week the courts denied Mrs. Lotta Shipley's application for a permanent injunction against the board's present plans for the library. Mrs. Shipley announces that she will appeal, and we hope she does. No library at all is better than the one it is proposed by the board erect with Mrs. Harrison's money. And plans that Mrs. Harrison would have approved have been discarded by the board after they were actually adopted by a previous board in regular session. That the Jo Mora plans, which are desirable, are not fireproof, is a ridiculous assertion and Argyll Campbell and the others who make it know that it is. The building as Jo possible to make such a structure and this is a fact. It would be perfectly adaptible to the purposes of such a structure and Mora designed it is as fireproof as it is it would be a credit to the city. The board of trustees has a long trail ahead of it in its persistence at frustrating the desires of Mrs. Harrison, which is as it should be.

Ask Miss Murphy--

W. T. Fuller Company are sending there interior and exterior expert to Carmel for July 11 and 12 to work in conjunction with there agents DURHAM HARDWARE STORE in solving the paint problems of the citizens of Carmel and to demonstrate NITROCOTE QUICK DRYING LAQUERS. Those interested will be supplied with a free sample of NITROCOTE in any colors desired and a brush with which to apply it.....

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QUICK, Dumbell, the needle, the needle!" As these words stabbed the atmosphere, Dumbell sprang forward with the hypo. Sherlock made a jab in his pock-like pelt, jumped into his makeup and started for the outer door.

"My Word! What's up?" panted Dumbell as he trotted after the mighty sleuth.

"Shhhhhhhh! . . . follow me and keep on saying nothing. I dare say you'll see what's up," replied Sherlock in his most English accent.

"but I say, old chap!"

"Say nothing but keep close to my heels."

The two mounted the staircase leading to the roof where Dumbell was amazed, shocked and chagrined to see the serpentine form of Sherlock shinning up the flag-staff. Then peering through his omnipresent glass, Sherlock minutely scanned everything "Beyond The Horizon."

Dumbell could control his curiosity no longer: "I say, old chap, what's up?"

Sherlock glared down with something akin to pity in his hawklike lamps: "'m up, you driveling ninny!" and with that he came down.

"Where do we go from here?" then asked the querulous one.

"There you go again!" snapped Sherlock. "Where do we go indeed! Why back to terra firma, of course, where else?"

CHAPTER II

Having returned to their snug quarters, both men donned their pneumatic sneekers and set off in search of a thrill.

"Have you a clue?" humbly piped Dumbell.

"Certainly NOT. Did you ever hear of anyone starting with a clue. No, no, we make that up as we go along, but I think I'll use my old standby."

"May I ask what that is?"

"Footprints!" whispered Sherlock as he peered suspiciously about.

"Where did you find 'em?" breathed Dumbell in awestruck tones.

"In the atmosphere—I saw 'em from the flag-staff, millions upon millions of 'em."

"Now that's damn funny, I didn't see one."

"YOU!. . .my dear fellow," smiled Sherlock, a semblence of his usual poise returning, "you wouldn't notice one if it were planted on your physiognomy."

"I dare say not, but where do the footprints lead to?"

"To mystery. Mystery provokes action, action stimulates interest, and after interest is aroused, my dear Dumbell, we can get away with anything."

"That's curious. Just where is this mystery?"

"Why the mystery's in the plot."

"Plot? I see no plot."

"Of course not, we get that by deduction."

"That seems fair enough. Then I assume that by reasoning and inference we arrive at a conclusion or the denoument."

"Right you are, Dumbell. Now we're in quest of a plot, and the inquest is the natural outcome."

"Then by all means speed up. . .I'm the coroner."

"We're on our way but we must first get a little human interest. You know, there's nothing so interesting to the human as the inhuman, so this is to be a case of human interest in the inhuman."

With that, Dumbell burst into a ringing laugh.

"For God's sake—Shhhhh! Don't you realize we're sleuthing?"

"I'll be as silent from now on as the letter 'g' in gnat," whispered Dumbell dramatically. "But by-the-by, just what are we sleuthing after?"

Sherlock answered gravely: "I'm looking for a lady."

"This sounds interesting, By Jove! How come?"

"Simple enough. . . .she's a charming girl. . ."

"Of course she is else you'd not be interested," smirked Dumbell.

Sherlock ignored the interruption. "Her teeth are like pearls but when the man to whom she was engaged, learned that she wore a plate, he was furious and broke it."

"My God! The Brute!" shrieked Dumbell, then as he grew calmer: "May I ask why you seek a lady with a broken plate?"

"Really Dumbell, you're quite impos-
"sible. It wasn't the plate that was broken, 'twas the engagement. But to get down to the business at hand—I'm looking, not so much for the lady, as for my pipe. The lady got away with it, and as you know, I've never solved a mystery without being surrounded by a dense cloud of smoke. All sleuths need a smoke-screen."

"Then I don't see how you expect to solve this mystery and find your pipe when you haven't got it."

"By deduction, you stupid! Now deduction is the act of deducing, subtracting, or taking away: i.e. the deduction of the subtrahend from the minuend. In this case, the lady is the minuend and said pipe is the subtrahend. . .and I mean if I can find her."

"Well that is a trifle confusing."
to take said subtrahend from the minuend,

"All plots are confusing, that's where the mystery comes in."

"But I don't see. . ."

"Of course you don't, but I see things that never existed, and I sense things that have no sense. That's the virtue of originality. And now here we are at our destination."

They paused before a massive frame structure of pressed brick. Blood was trickling from under the front door and as these two stood debating whether to ring the bell or break a window, four ferocious Bedouins burst through the heavily panneled door, tumbling out as one man, in perfect unity. Between them they half

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carried and half dragged a kicking, squirming something swathed in a Bokhara rug.

"Some kick to this mystery." lisped Dumbell amid his amazement.

Sherlock laid a forefinger on his lips as he effectually concealed himself behind the drain pipe while Dumbell, hastily tearing a page from his prescription book, took refuge behind it, thus they awaited further developments.

As if by scheduled magic, a mammoth maroon car pulled up at the curb and into this the four ferocious villians bundled their burden and the car sped away at top speed. But not too speedily for the sleuth and near-sleuth. In a twinkling they sprang upon the shock absorbers and were whisked away in a cloud of mystery.

"I say, Sherlock, whither away?"

"Shhhhh! You retard the movement of the plot! Can't you see that this is the vehicle which carries us toward the more gripping incident?" And before Dumbell could think of anything more to ask the auto stopped.

Peering stealthily from behind, Sherlock and Dumbell saw the four ferocious villians (to be referred to hereafter for convenience sake as the F. F. V.) drag forth the kicking Bokhara and throw it upon the ground with a dull sickening thud. Then the corners were thrown back. . . . . .revealing the lady for whom Sherlock sought. Between her pearly molars—(or was it her incisors?)—was clinched the stolen pipe while from it there arose great volumes of blue-black smoke. Dumbell would have screamed aloud had not Sherlock clapped a bony hand over his mouth.

"SILENCE!" Sherlock commanded sternly, "Can't you see that the lady's having a pipe dream!"

CHAPTER III
The Time, The Place and The Girl As Yet Unaltered

The heroine now stood in the midst of the F. F. V. gagged with a gay cravat not in the least becoming to her type, but thoroughly modern in color and design. Every now and then one or another of her captors would make a saucy pass at her. Finally one of the villians suggested that they sprinkle a little vitriol into the heroine's eyes, but the leader objected on the grounds that this was entirely too orthodox. "Any gentleman can throw vitriol into a lady's eyes," he growled. "Have you forgotten that this is the incipient period of a new movement in art, literature, drama and conduct? I quite insist upon something more elemental, primative, fundamental; more radical, as it were."

Thereupon each of the F. F. V. drew from his girdle a dagger, eighteen inches long, and while poking Gwendoline (for that was the heroine's name) merrily in the ribs, they muttered in unison: "Aha aha!" Gwendoline in turn, tried to shriek "My God!" but her voice, strained through the cravet, was rendered unintelligible, though colorful.

When wearying of this novel sport, Gwendoline was neatly dismembered. And since the quick-lime, usually carried in all First Aid Kits, had been forgotten, the various pieces were gathered together and carried to the edge of a swirling angry torrent which Sherlock and Dumbell had overlooked up to that moment. Then Gwendoline, what was, was pitched into into the stream. As the waters closed over their sordid mystery, one of the F. F. V. was heard to say: "Well, that's that. . now back to the house of horrors."

"Why are they going back?" whispered Dumbell.

"They forgot to close the street door." returned Sherlock, "And anyway, it's the nature of the criminal to return to the scene of the crime. They always do it in books."

CHAPTER IV
THIRTY MINUTES LATER

As the big maroon car stopped at the curb in front of their own apartments Sherlock alighted jauntily and started toward the door. Dumbell stiffly betook himself from his perch and peered into . . .the empty car!

"Where in hell are the Bedouins?" he called.

"How in hell should I know. They weren't real anyway." came the answer.

"Not real?. . .What do you mean? What sort of hocum is this? I don't understand."

"Nobody does. In fact, that's not the way its done nowadays. We're striving for the illusion, of reality, or the reality of illusion I forget which, old man. Life as she is LIVED isn't dramatic. One must create—invent thrills. Don't you like the little dramatic episode I've pulled off for your benefit?"

Dumbell shuddered. "My dear Sherlock, had it not been for that shock absorber I never could have stood it. . . . but how about the girl? Was she imaginary too?"

"Imaginary? Yes, in the true sense of the word: Ideal—an unknown quantity."

"You've said a mouthful, old chap. An unknown quantity is right. I'll say the modern girl is an unknown quantity—By Jove! But I'm not willing to say that she's less real than her predecessor. Now may we have a real whisky and soda? I want to drink to the unknown quantity."

(With due apologies to Sir Conan)

—G. R. W.

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THE interesting and beautiful panels of Mary Young-Hunter that have been on exhibition in the foyer of the Golden Bough for the past week, have been removed to Mrs. Young-Hunter's Carmel studio. The artist is at present devoting her time largely to the development of this beautiful revived art of gesso relief, applying the process to many varieties of subjects. Mrs. Young-Hunter says about this special work:

"The panels are low relief carvings on wood, covered with numerous coatings of 'gesso', a composition made from an old recipe of Cenino Cenini's. It was used by the early Italians for the raised jewels. crowns and symbals so prevalent in their art.

"After the gesso is applied to the wood it is re-carved, very delicately, and is prepared for gilding, burnishing or painting. The process is a long and intricate one and is very interesting. I do not think it has ever been used for portraits or landscapes in just this way.

"I owe my knowledge of this difficult technique to Charles Prendergast. The idea of applying it to portraiture came from my conviction that a portrait should be a beautiful piece of color and rhythm, with a decorative value quite apart from its more intimate assiciation. I think, too, that the frame should be considered as an integral part of the composition."

Mr. and Mrs. R. Clarkson Colman after several days sypent on the yacht Aloha with their friend Frank Paine have now returned to their Carmel Studio.

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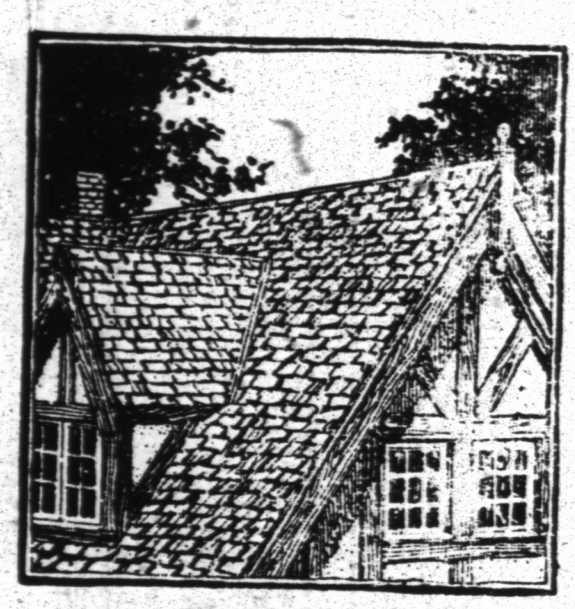

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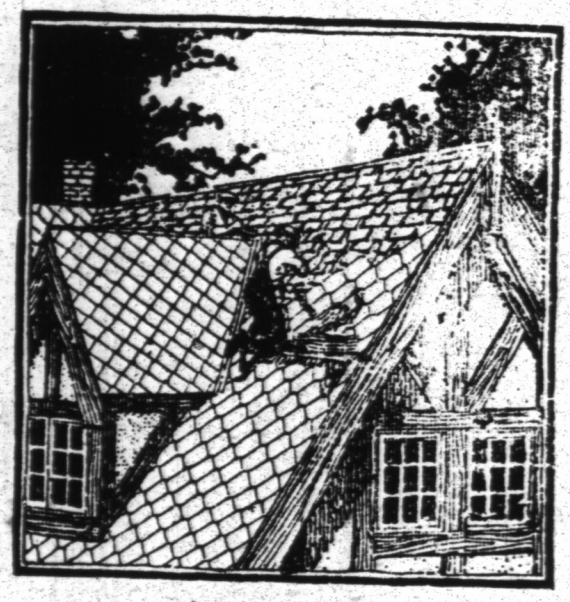
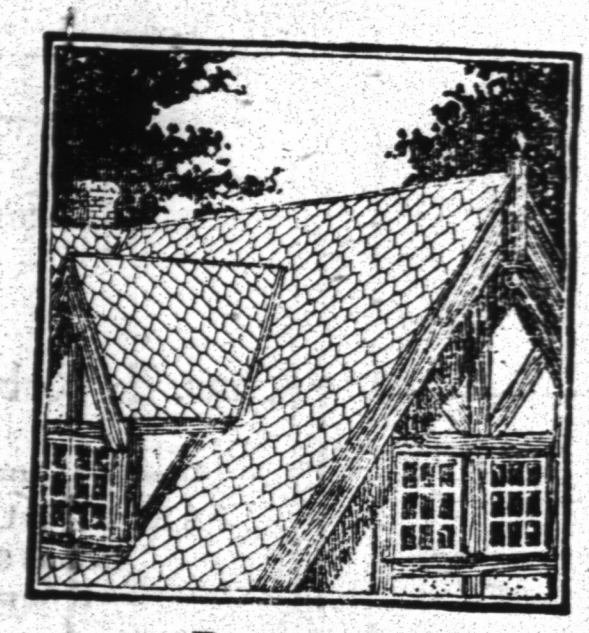


Application



Restoration

with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles

Lay them right over the old roof

NO dust, dirt, danger of damage by rain while the work is in progress; no delay or inconvenience at all. And you'll have a double roof that will make your upper rooms warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

The finished roofing of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles will be everlasting and positively fireproof. It will make your home safe from roof-communicated fire. It will be attractive. It will never have to be renewed or painted because Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are all mineral. They will not rot, burn, curl or split, but last as long as the building they protect. They're approved by the Underwriters and take base rates of insurance.

If your present wooden or asphalt shingle roof needs repairs or replacement, it will certainly pay you to investigate this improved method of re-roofing. Its simplicity, economy and freedom from dirt and confusion will be a revelation to you.

Write, call or telephone today for further particulars and booklet "Re-roofing for the Last Time."

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